

QUICKLY DISPOSED OF

The Council Refuses to Grant That Little Franchise.

THE VOTE IS UNANIMOUS

Mr. Vaughan Makes a Speech Which Does Not Alter the Minds of the Aldermen—Sewer Assessments.

By the Standard's Special Wire.

BUTTE, Feb. 20.—The city council met this evening in adjourned session to consider the extending of a franchise to the new street railway company. The peremptory and decided manner in which the franchise was denied was an argument for humility on the part of all future companies seeking franchise or other favors from the present city council. It appears that Messrs. Vaughan, Regan & Co., notwithstanding their professed satisfaction with the franchise drawn up by the city attorney, found it not at all to their taste; so disregarding Mr. Corbett's ordinance they have drawn and prepared that was quite to their liking. This was presented to the council this evening instead of the one drawn by Mr. Corbett and printed in full in the STANDARD this morning.

As soon as the city clerk had fairly commenced reading this new proposed franchise the hearers said that it contained most of the objectionable features of the first franchise that was laughed down by the council. However, the new ordinance had one merit; it was clear and intelligible in the statement of what was wanted. The only fault that could be found with it was that it wanted too much. In the first place it wanted to lay a track parallel to the motor line already laid on East and West Broadway from the eastern limits of the city to Montana street on the west. This was one of the most objectionable features about the franchise originally presented to the council. But the strangeness of this request was excused in the next sentence which proposed to lay a track on the busiest portion of Main street from Broadway to the southern limits, thus absorbing one of the already narrow margins along the cable line. The only condition for the protection of the city was that the city should provision that on streets already occupied by street railway companies but a single track should be laid by the new company. In other respects the franchise was reasonable enough, asking for rights of way on West Galena, West Broadway, Gold and Colorado streets, and fixing the bonds of the company at \$25,000.

As soon as City Clerk Gilligan had finished reading the franchise, Alderman Mueller arose to his feet and said: "I move that the ordinance granting this franchise be not passed."

"Second the motion," thundered three voices at once. The mayor stated the motion, and no one caring to discuss it, was immediately put and unanimously passed. The quickness of the operation fairly took the breath of the listeners away.

The council proceeded to transact other business and had quite forgotten the Omaha company and its franchise when unexpectedly Mr. Vaughan popped up and asked leave to address the council. Leave was given him and he began saying that the cordiality with which they had been received in this city had indicated to them that there was no disposition on the part of the people to buy the Chinese.

Vaughan thought the people of Butte very responsive to efforts for the public improvement. Then, after indulging in a little rhetoric intended to flatter the municipal pride of the aldermen, Mr. Vaughan got down to business by saying: "We have not read the ordinance presented here tonight. I pledge you my word and honor that I never heard it read until just now. If there is anything in this ordinance that does not suit the council, amend it to suit yourselves."

At this point Mr. Vaughan became greatly animated and began to pound ferociously away on the council table. "If you don't think one mile enough to be built in six months, make it three miles," said Mr. Vaughan, dealing the table a resounding blow. "If a bond of \$25,000 is not enough, make it \$100,000, make it \$200,000, and we'll put it up to-morrow morning," continued he. "And we will give you Butte men for your bondsmen, representatives of Butte men who will file a bond of \$100,000 with you at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. We did not expect that our franchise would be so ridiculously sat upon as it has been. Now we want this franchise, the people demand it, the laboring men demand it."

At this point Mr. Vaughan referred to the additional population to be gained by the advent of his company. Mr. Vaughan thought that Butte needed the increase when people were dying off at the rate of 500 a year. Then he became warmed up when he came to refer to the insinuations cast upon them that they were fakirs. "This is no real estate scheme, this is no fakir-m," said the speaker, "I will put \$10,000 right up for the franchise if one man can rise up here and prove that we have tried to sell out our franchise for one cent or \$100,000, or any sum whatever. I say to you tonight you can't afford to accommodate any little clique or any little ring."

Mr. Vaughan said a great deal more and then sat down. The council paid no attention to the appeal, but Alderman Lynch arose and moved that the council hire another paid fireman. This motion was carried and the council proceeded with the remainder of its business.

The mayor's veto of the new fire ordinance was formally approved in accordance with an opinion of the city attorney pronouncing the proposed ordinance in conflict with the city charter, as was maintained by the mayor in his communication to the council on Wednesday evening. The city attorney was instructed to draw up an amended fire ordinance that would be in harmony with the charter. Meantime he has forwarded to Helena a request for an amendment to the charter. A special committee appointed to assess the benefits to property by reason of the construction of sewers during the fiscal year beginning May, 1890, and ending May, 1891, reported in favor of taxing the sewers to the property in front according to the following schedule, the amount of the assessment per foot:

District No. 1.—On Main, from Copper to Galena, \$2.50; on Main, from Galena to Silver, \$2.50; on Main, from Silver to Park, \$1.50; on Wyoming, from limit to limit, \$1.50; on Granite, from Main to Wyoming, \$1.50; on Broadway, from Main to Wyoming, \$1.50; on Park, from Main to Wyoming, \$1.50; on Main to Wyoming, \$1.50; on Quartz, from Main to Wyoming, \$1.50; on Galena, from Main to Wyoming, \$1.50; on Copper, between Main and Montana, \$1.50; Quartz between Main and Montana, \$1.50.

District No. 2.—Colorado from Galena to south limit, \$1.25; Dakota from Galena to south limit, \$1.25; Alaska from north limit to Granite, \$1.25; Utah from Granite to Broadway, \$1.50; on Granite between Main and Montana, \$1.50; Broadway between Main and Montana, \$1.50; Park between Main and Montana, \$1.50; Galena between Main and Montana, \$1.50; Copper between Main and Montana, \$1.50; Quartz between Main and Montana, \$1.50.

The judiciary committee and committee on ways and means were asked to meet jointly and consider the fees proper to be allowed the city officials who may be

elected this spring. This joint committee was given until the second meeting in March to report.

The bill of Harry Kessler for \$600 for the collection of the city taxes and special delinquent taxes was referred jointly to the judiciary and ways and means committees.

The mayor recommended the amendment of the dog and pound ordinance so as to place the pound near the crematory and also so as to require no official bond from the poundmaster. The mayor said that the poundmaster had no salary, and no very large income from the fees, yet he had heretofore been obliged to put up a \$2,000 bond. After this the handling of the tax money would be done by a policeman, and the poundmaster need have no bonds at all.

COSSIE OF THE SPORTS.

How the News of the Marine's Defeat Was Received in Butte.

By the Standard's Special Wire.

BUTTE, Feb. 20.—As already announced in the STANDARD, Jack King, champion heavy weight Corbett wrestler of Michigan, and Busch another heavy weight, are in the city ostensibly for the purpose of getting up matches if possible. What their real intentions are, however, is not known. Immediately following their arrival they called on Fred Ritchie and signified their willingness to meet any of the members of the "Parson" Davies combination, now east of here and working west. Mr. Ritchie immediately telegraphed to Davies that King would meet Evan Lewis, doing so at the suggestion of King, who promised to call later on and complete arrangements, provided the offer was accepted. Instead of returning, King failed to show up until to-night, when he called at the Comique and waited until the result of the Mitchell-Blanche fight was announced. When he left without saying word about wrestling, neither did he make any inquiries as to whether Davies had been heard from.

Although not in the class to which King and Busch belong, Burns and Schumacher are willing to meet either one in a handicap catch-as-catch-can match, and have so stated repeatedly. To-night a STANDARD reporter asked King if he would make a match with Burns, to which he said that he had offered to throw Burns four times in an hour, for almost any amount, but Burns had declined to meet him. King also said that Busch, who was a trifle lighter, had offered to make a match with Burns, agreeing to throw him three times in an hour and also, if the proposition was declined, King and Busch then left the theater and in a few minutes Burns entered. The reporter asked him about the challenges of King and Busch and Burns said that neither of the men had made any proposition to him, whatever that might be. If they claimed anything to the contrary, they stated what was not so. He said that such a challenge as King alleged to have issued to him would be just in his line, he would not desire a softer snap than that to keep the big fellow from throwing him four times in an hour. King weighs when in condition 198 pounds and Burns 130. As far as meeting Busch is concerned Burns said he would give him a good whipping, but would rather have a whirl with King.

Schumacher wants it understood that he is also in when it comes to handicap matches, and is open to any reasonable proposition, and will put up his money when the proper time comes. All he is waiting for is for either King or Busch to make an offer, and if they are really anxious to make a match he will accommodate them. Schumacher weighs 148 pounds and should either of the two strangers attempt to throw him four or even three times in an hour, the one undertaking the job would soon learn that he would have no picnic to fill his contract.

Gilbert the champion wrestler of Montana, says he is willing and ready to put on the jacket with King, although the latter is so much the heavier and has the prestige of having thrown Kay-Keek, the champion Cornish wrestler of the United States. The Montana man says he has met all corners and has never yet thrown up his hands, and he does not propose to do so at this time. As King has signified his willingness to meet Gilbert, it is more than probable that a match between the two will be made.

A large crowd gathered at the Comique to-night to hear the return from the Mitchell-Blanche fight. It was plainly visible how the sympathy of the audience ran for with each announcement of any advantage gained by Mitchell the cheering and applause became deafening.

When the final and decisive round was announced giving the fight to Mitchell the crowd could hardly contain itself, so great was its joy. Ever since La Blanche left Butte and faded lustily about Kessler and his treatment here the sporting element of the city have had but little use for him and are glad that he got whipped. It is but proper to state, however, that a great many are of the opinion that to-night's fight was a fake and that La Blanche laid down for the money there was in it for him, as it is a well known fact that he is penniless and a pauper when he left Butte, having subsisted off the benevolence of friends for weeks before he took his departure.

A FURIOUS FIGHT.

An Officer Roughly Handled While Attempting to Arrest the Principals.

BUTTE, Feb. 20.—A fight took place to-night in McGovern's saloon, near the corner of Main and Park streets. Officer Hampton entered and attempted to quell the disturbance, when he was set upon by a crowd and handled rather roughly. He tried to use his club, but a gambler named Jack Lavelle caught hold of it, and as several others clung to him, for a while the officer was powerless to do anything. Finally he wrenched himself free and began to use the club with excellent effect, especially on Lavelle, whom he arrested for interfering with an officer. In the scuffle the door of the saloon was torn off its hinges and the officer was hustled out into the street. He then blew his whistle for assistance, but before any of the other officers could arrive, the men who had assaulted him had disappeared. Hampton says that owing to the large crowd and the sudden manner in which he was assaulted he was unable to recognize his assailants save Lavelle.

A Dove in a Court House.

The Worcester (Mass.) Spy relates the following incident: "Among the visitors at the court house yesterday was a snow-white pigeon that alighted on the sill of one of the windows of the clerk's office. The window was opened and the bird calmly walked in with all the confidence of a lawyer. He as calmly walked the whole length of the office, quietly observing everything. Pretty soon, as his acquaintance with the officials increased, he perched himself upon the desks, and later on the shoulders and head of one of the assistants. It was not decided by the officials whether he had a case to try or whether he wished to enter a writ. Anyway he was placed on a shelf among the ancient deeds. The window was opened, but the warmer atmosphere was more congenial to his excellency, so he stayed."

TOLD OF EMMA JUCH

An Interesting Incident Which Led to a Curious Condition of Affairs.

A PIECE OF THE TRUE CROSS

An Audience That Nearly Missed the Opera They Were Assembled to Hear—The Queen of Song's Tallisman.

BUTTE, Feb. 20.—The following interesting story is told of Emma Juch, who is to appear in Butte in Wagnerian roles for four nights, beginning with Thursday of next week:

On one occasion, while the diva was singing the role of Elsa in "Lohengrin" in Brooklyn, an incident occurred which afterwards led to a curious condition of affairs. During the first act a tall, fine-looking old gentleman, wearing the unmistakable garb of the priesthood, entered the Academy of Music, passed well down in front and occupied a seat in the orchestra. After the curtain had descended on the last act the reverend father sought the director of the company and requested the favor of being presented to the fair Elsa, stating that he had an important communication to make that might possibly affect her whole future life, and not improbably that to follow. The manager acceded to his singular request and conducted the old gentleman behind the scenes to a little parlor adjoining the dressing room of the fair singer, who, on being informed of his presence, hurriedly cast aside the habiliments in which she had been singing the last act of the opera, curled her wealth of golden hair around her shapely head, and stepped out to meet the visitor.

The good man looked at her attentively for some moments before speaking, then held out his hand and said: "My child, I am fully satisfied that no one but a truly good woman could enact the role that I have witnessed you in this evening in such a feeling and sympathetic manner, and this conviction has caused me to seek you out and tell you that I have in my possession a sacred relic that I believe will be the means of guarding you against more than one of the temptations that beset your path on every side. I do not say it is a magic wand, you see, to be heedless of all the influence of evil things of life, as familiarity with danger causes persons to disregard it. Now, since childhood's happy days I have been the possessor of this little bag containing a small piece of the true cross. I have had it on my person, walking or sleeping, for nearly seventy years, and during that time no accident of any kind has befallen me, and now that my life is drawing near its close I desire to bestow this precious talisman on one who will be benefited by it, and who by the use of it will be frequently reminded that there is One who keeps a never ceasing watch over those who deserve His protection. This precious relic is yours on one condition, and that is a promise that whenever you appear as Elsa you will wear it."

The promise was given and the little keepsake changed owners. Manager Locke, who had been a silent witness to the transaction, escorted his clerical visitor to the door, and thought nothing more of the occurrence until one night later in the season he was leaving over the rail at the back of the auditorium of the Boston theater, calmly and attentively surveying one of the largest audiences of the year, when he happened to glance at his watch and discovered that it was ten minutes after the time for the curtain to rise. He hurried back upon the stage, where he found the stage manager and conductor in consultation with the electrician and prompter, earnestly discussing something, which, on inquiry, he learned to be the fact that Miss Juch had lost a valuable keepsake of some kind, and refused to go on the stage until it was found. He hurried to the star's dressing-room to learn that the article that he had lost was the little bag given him in Brooklyn by the reverend father. In vain did Locke expostulate, persuade, storm and command. The songstress flatly refused, stamped her little foot and declared she would never sing the part of Elsa again, if the treasure could not be found. All arguments were useless, and when pressed by her manager and mother at the same time she finally sank into a chair and burst into tears, stating that she would cancel the engagement and close the season sooner than break the promise she had given. Just as the director began to consider the possibility of substituting another opera for "Lohengrin," Miss Juch's maid, who had been diving to the bottom of numerous trunks and cases in search of the missing trinket, came to the front with the about of "Here it is! Here it is!" Eagerly seizing the little relic and pressing it to her lips, the songstress dashed aside her tears, hung the charm about her neck, and in no less time than it takes to describe the occurrence, was on her feet, before an audience that little dreamed how near they came to missing the opera they were assembled to hear.

NO ACTION TAKEN.

Waukeville Aldermen Would Like to Know if O'Donnell's Resignation Goes. By the Standard's Special Wire.

BUTTE, Feb. 20.—Owing to the illness of Mayor Hall and a majority of the aldermen, no meeting of the city council was held this evening. Only two of the councilmen were able to put in an appearance and did nothing but speculate on the probable action of Chancellor O'Donnell, city attorney, who recently became disgusted with the parsimony of the city's fathers and threw up his job. Mr. O'Donnell is not as yet formally resigned, in writing and no action has been taken by the council on his verbal resignation tendered several weeks ago when the chancellor was informed of the princely salary it was proposed to pay him. In the meantime the aldermen would like to know whether the resignation was accepted and whether the city of Waukeville is without an attorney or not.

Part of Sitting Bull's Scalp.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Capt. Sam Williams of Stoney Creek, Ont., received a letter from his son Charlie, who went west several years ago, a fair-haired youth of 16 years, who stated that he was at the time he wrote at Pine Ridge; was a member of Troop G, Eighth United States cavalry; was in action at the capture of Sitting Bull, and saw him at the time he received the fatal bullet. He secured part of his scalp and his handkerchief, which he sent home in a letter. He saw five of his own comrades fall victims to the Indian rifles. He states that the sight saddened the troops to desperation and that Sitting Bull's scalp was lifted while he was in the throes of death.

What Sentiment Will Do.

From the Boston Gazette.

A youth of Vanity Fair, who must "go in" for sentiment, has bought the cab in which he successfully proposed marriage to the young woman who was with him.

TWO SIDES TO THE CASE.

John Dwan Tells a Pitiful Story of Unfilial Cruelty and Abuse.

BUTTE, Feb. 20.—John Dwan, who resides near the Silver Bow mill, was in Judge Muldoon's court this afternoon and related a pitiful tale of woe. According to his story he is not only a badly abused man, but also the victim of the worst kind of a case of unfilial cruelty and abuse, made all the harder by the unkindly and shameful conduct of his better half. Mr. Dwan said that between 2 and 3 o'clock this morning he was awakened by a crowd of men and women who entered his house and at once began to raise Cain by making the most unearthly noises and disturbing his rest and peace. He tried to get up and leave, but instead of doing so they dragged him from his bed, so he said, and began to abuse and beat him, one of the party going so far as to almost bite off one of his toes. He said the party was composed of his wife, Julia, his son, M. Dwan, Ellen McDonald, aid, Thomas Warren and Pat McHugh, and he desired the entire outfit arrested. Accordingly his honor issued warrants for the arrest of the crowd which was served by Constable Sheppard, who soon had all the perpetrators of Mr. Dwan's sorrow and took them into court. The parties pleaded not guilty and will be examined to-morrow.

The arrested persons tell a story slightly different from that told by Dwan. They allege that they had been visiting at a neighbor's house and upon their return found Dwan at home and badly effected by a large and generous load of whisky. As soon as they entered the house Dwan set upon them and without any preliminary began to cuff and knock them about. It was while defending themselves against this assault that they gave Dwan the injuries he complained of.

SYMPATHY FOR CREIGHTON.

Mrs. Coyle Tells a Pitiful Story of Her Husband's Maltreatment.

By the Standard's Special Wire.

BUTTE, Feb. 20.—Considerable sympathy is felt for John Creighton, the old man who was brought from Deer Lodge last night for assaulting his son-in-law, John Coyle, with an axe. The sheriff thinks that Coyle deserves prosecution rather than Creighton, and that Creighton did right in opposing the forcible entrance of his drunken son-in-law into the house where his daughter lay ill. Mrs. Coyle was at the sheriff's office this afternoon and told a really blood-curdling story of abuse. She said that a short time ago, when she was enroute, her husband threw her down and brutally kicked her until her breast and body was black and blue. She says that for a long time she has had to support herself and her four children by waiting on table in the city hotels. At one time she served in this capacity in the Butte city hotel and is now so employed in the Southern. Still Mrs. Coyle is so slight and girlish in appearance that one would hardly think her married. As for Coyle he is said to be a big burly man who spends all his wages in saloons about the city and depends on the earnings of his poor overworked wife to get his daily bread.

Mrs. Coyle and her father tell the same story about Coyle's behavior on the day of the fracas. They say he was drunk and came into the room where Mrs. Coyle lay sick and tried his level best to start a quarrel with Mr. Creighton. Meantime Mrs. Coyle, ill and in bed as she was, was nearly wild with anxiety for fear her husband would injure her father. Finally, after consulting her father-in-law all the offensive names on the catalogue, he went out. The old man started for a policeman but when he returned with the officer Coyle had learned what was going on and skipped out. He then returned in the evening drunk as before and trying to get into the house was resisted by the old man who with an axe chopped off one of Coyle's fingers with which he was grasping the door in trying to force it. Mrs. Coyle denied her story of the affair given this morning, she says she was induced to tell it in order to save her father the disgrace of prosecution. Now that her husband has broken his word, she is ready to appear in court against him and tell the whole story of his cruelty. The sheriff has refused to place Creighton with the other prisoners, but gave him a room in the female jail.

Hitting the Bull's-eye.

From the New York Sun.

He stopped to look at a suit of clothes hanging in front of an establishment in the Bowery. He was middle aged, and he was a man who could tell a plumb bob from a crossbar.

"It was about previous to inventory, and we mark out \$15 suit down to \$8," explained the man at the door.

"Um!" replied the other.

"Warranted all wool, fast color, and der make and trim vass shus like a Broadway tailor's \$30 suit."

"Um!"

"If you don't be satisfied in one week bring him back and get your money. Our object vass to reduce stock and make vlay for spring goods. Notwithstanding der fact dat wool vass gone cop two hundred per cent, we knock seven dollars off der price."

"Um!" ejaculated the man, as he slowly passed on.

"Julius," said the proprietor, as he came out, "how did you speak to dot man?"

"Like a lamb."

"Dat something vvas wrong about it. He is coming back, and you keep still and let me do der talking."

The man returned stopped to take another look at the garments, and the proprietor bowed very low and said:

"I hope you vwill excuse my clerk. He vvas fresh from Chicago, and he doan know a Congressman from a fish pole. Dot suit vvas 10 per cent. off to you, Senator, and if you like to step inside I shall present you mit some socks for nothing."

The "Senator" stepped, and twenty minutes later appeared with a bundle under his arm and a self-satisfied look on his face.

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

Why a Mustache Grows Faster on One Side Than the Other.

A St. Louis man has for several years been annoyed by a curious circumstance; one side of his mustache grows about twice as fast as the other and if it is neglected for a few weeks he will suddenly notice that it is from half an inch to an inch longer on the left than on the right. He is obliged to keep cutting it off from time to time to make things even, says the *Globe-Democrat*. He had not the faintest idea what caused the greater luxuriance on the left until some days ago he asked a barber about it and the man asked him how his desk stood in relation to the window.

He replied that for years he had occupied a desk with a window on his left, which at once explained the difficulty. Hair, like vegetables, grows best in the light, and, ascertaining the fact, my friend at once had his desk changed to the other side of the window in order to give the right side of his mustache a chance to develop. He is awaiting the result with some interest and if the change in growth shifts with the light he is going to face the window.

THE PALE GRAY FUMES

Dread of Their Reappearance Causes Uneasiness in Butte.

AN EPIDEMIC OF SICKNESS

A Strong Tide of Popular Feeling Against the Smoke Nuisance Has Again Set in—A New "Messiah" Wanted.

BUTTE, Feb. 20.—Even though not much is heard on the subject the people of the city are as deeply interested as ever in the smoke question, and would hail as warmly as they did "Old Hutch" any smoke messiah that might come along. It is true that with the exception of a few times the city has been remarkably free of smoke for almost two weeks, yet the constant dread that the pale gray fumes may make their appearance at any time causes uneasiness. Especially is this fear greater than ever because of the alarming amount of sickness which exists in the city, and the people are ready to attribute it to almost any cause that may be mentioned. While the smoke may not be visible, the timid ones contend that its gases and component parts are nevertheless aloft in the air, breeding sickness and disease, and demand that something be done to remedy the evil.

The recent smoke agitation, while it may not have been fruitful of immediate results, has caused a strong tide of popular feeling against the sources of the annoyance, and it may yet develop into a general demand for the abatement of the nuisance, and that sooner than is looked for. The masses of the people have become alarmed and strong insistence is made that every possible precaution against a continuance of the prevailing epidemic of sickness be taken. Not only must the smoke go, but also every other cause calculated to effect the health of the community is the cry of a majority of Butte citizens at present.

A Just Punishment.

From Filene's Blatter.

Here Wampier fell violently on the icy pavement.

Rising and rubbing his bruised limbs he cried to the proprietor of the house where he slipped:

"It seems you right that I should fall on your pavement. Why didn't you scatter ashes over it?"

Cause Enough.

From the New York Weekly.

Parlor Car Passenger—Porter, this car is very draughty. I feel chilly.

Porter—Can't help it, sir. There's a party of the New York's 400 in one end and a lot of Philadelphia exclusives in the other and you're sittin' right between 'em.

Just as Bad.

From Life.

She—Men are as faithless in love as women ever are.

He—I believe you are right. I know Miss Hull's father has just broken off her engagement to me.

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